

Found at Last!

The Real Heart-Trouble Germ

A Remarkable Discovery
by M. Danny, Scientist.

BY NELL BRINKLEY

Copyrighted, 1914, International News Service



Once upon a time there was a young man who discovered a fluttering at his heart, that scared him very much.

Specialist after specialist examined him, thrummed upon his chest, and listened gravely through their stethoscopes, but just as gravely shook their heads.

His case was past their understanding.

The young man didn't smoke, didn't drink, and had always enjoyed good health. Truly his case was a mystery indeed.

At last in despair he one day wandered into a house that bore the sign, "M. Danny, Scientist." To be sure the "M. D." was very young-

looking, but Mr. Young Man was so desperate that he didn't care.

M. Danny looked quizzically at the young man, and then produced an enormous magnifying glass. When he peered through it he saw what you see in the picture above.

And then he told the young man what he saw.

"I never knew a germ could be so beautiful-looking," said the young man, "and, in fact, I happen to know that particular germ very well."

"Then go to that 'germ' and tell her your trouble," said M. Danny. "That's the only hope you can have for a cure."

NELL BRINKLEY.

Amid Andean Glaciers

(Continued From Eighth Page)

This scientific but built a standard gauge railway from Oroya, along the high plateau of the Andes to its mining center, which is still at an altitude of 14,200 feet. I expect to go over that road within a few days, and shall write of it later.

The Central Railway of Peru is considered by experts the most wonderful piece of railroad engineering on earth. It reaches the highest point ever crossed by rail, and it courses from the sea to the tops of the mountains in almost straight up into the air. The distance is the crow flies from the Morochocha Pass to the ocean cannot, I should say, be fifty miles, and, with all the windings of the road, with its loops, twists and turns, its zigzags and its tunnels and its other contrivances by which it climbs in this wildest part of the world it is only 100 miles. All of this is accomplished without the rack or pinion or cog systems used on other high roads, and that with a grade of only about 4 per cent. There is not one inch of down grade from the sea to the top, and the heavy cars must climb all the way up.

The soroche is the great thorn in the rise of this wonderful journey. It is the mountain sickness that afflicts almost all when they take this mighty leap of three miles straight up into the air. It brings on faintness, terrible headaches, and often a bleeding at the eyes and nose. It is worse than seasickness, for the vomiting is accompanied by dizziness and terrible pain. Some have the disease in a less degree and some cannot stand it at all.

As I came here today I could feel the air growing rarer, and my machinery moving with more and more friction. At 10,000 feet my voice was so weak I could not have whistled a note, and much of my exertion after we had been done in a whisper. After we passed the two-mile level I found myself weighing each sentence to see whether it was worth the breath to utter it. At the stations I walked very slowly, and when the train started unexpectedly at Casapalca and I had to run to get on, I was panting for five minutes before I recovered. Just now my head feels as though it were being pried up with a crowbar.

In the cars behind me there are men and women holding smelling bottles to their noses to revive their faint hearts, and there is one Peruvian who has a bottle to his nose and a can in his hand. Before I came out of the train he told me he had two cures for the soroche. At the stations I walked very slowly, and when the train started unexpectedly at Casapalca and I had to run to get on, I was panting for five minutes before I recovered. Just now my head feels as though it were being pried up with a crowbar.

The great wonder of the construction is that the steepness of the mountains has been conquered by this 4 per cent grade. The Denver and Rio Grande, narrow-gauge, in Colorado, reaches its highest point, and he thereupon asked

me to try it. "But will this do the business?" said I. "I don't know," he replied, "but if not, I have a sure cure here," and he thereupon opened his bag and showed me the revolver. This last, I am told, is about the only safe cure for soroche. The doctors can do nothing to help you, and every one is sure to get it if he stays long on the tops of the Andes. One may have it again and again, and any indiscretion may bring on an attack. I doubt not I shall be more afflicted as I go on with this journey, but I shall keep out in the fresh air, and I hope to get through.

I despair of making you see all the wonders of our trip up the mountains. The long chain of the Andes waits for the whole side of this Continent. It begins at Cape Horn and the borders of the Strait of Magellan, and goes north crawling close to the coast in a great winding rampart for a distance of 4,500 miles, when it drops down into our cut of Cuba, on the isthmus of Panama. Throughout the whole length, except at the top and the bottom, this chain has peaks which are three or four miles in height. Its average elevation is more than 12,000 feet, or almost the height of Fujiyama, Japan, Mount Aconcagua, in Chile, is about 29,000, and Mount Misti, in Southern Peru, is over 20,000, and there is a peak, within sight of my eyes, that is 21,000 and more. North of here, in Ecuador, are many volcanoes, including Chimborazo, more than four miles in height, and south of me, in Bolivia, is a plateau which has an average altitude of 12,000 feet, with drainage to either the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Right here in Peru are some of the highest elevations, and I shall have to go over a pass of 14,000 feet on my way to the Inca city of Cuzco, and I shall cross Lake Titicaca, which, itself, is almost two and one-half miles above the sea.

These striking altitudes are the more impressive on account of the steepness of the range which runs along the coast. It begins right at the sea, only a narrow strip of sand separating it from the ocean, and it jumps, as it were, into the clouds. I rode this morning through Lima, a city of perhaps 150,000. It is situated on the banks of the Rimac, close to the gorge into which we started as we came up the mountains.

During the first part of our journey we passed through an irrigated valley,

There are fields of alfalfa, sugar cane and other green crops on both sides of the railroad, but the mountains over the valley were as arid as the Sahara. I remember I thought of the difference between the two sides of the Andes, and that if I could bore a hole right through the desert wall I might come out into the region of the Amazon, where the waters swarm with turtles and alligators, and where the vegetation is a dense jungle, with palms, rubber trees and all sorts of tropical fruits. On this side of the mountains there is no rain and everything is dry. On the other side it rains all the time. The Rimac River here is not fed by the rains. It comes from the snows, when the winds from the east have left on the tops of the Andes.

The vegetation of the arid Andes is remarkable. I saw on the rear platform of the car and dictated my notes as we wound our way up the cliffs. Near the ocean there was no green at all. The mighty rocks seemed perfect, by bare and there were not a single green thing. By looking closely, however, I found gray catclings to the rocks and silver-gray moss, which in places covered the stones like a mantle. These plants were probably fed by the dew.

It was not until we reached Tamboraque, at an altitude of almost two miles, that we found our first sprinkling of green. There the rocks seemed dusted with emeralds, and the green grew fresher and more abundant from there to the tops of the mountains. At two miles and a half I found the Andes covered with a thin grass, and where I am now at the beginning of the great plateau that is upheld by two of the ranges which run through Peru, there is plenty of feed for llamas and sheep. Within the last three or four hours we have passed many wild flowers. At one place I encountered forty varieties, and from where I am sitting I can see but crops without three or four feet in width. Nevertheless, these little farms run far up the mountains. I am told that a workman fell out of a field yesterday and rolled down fifty feet. Above these terraces are the marks of other terraces which were once used by the Incas. They tilled a hundred acres where modern Peruvians till one.

All the way from the ocean to the tops of the Andes we passed towns and villages. At the sea is the port of Callao, one of the finest harbors on the west coast. Seven miles further inland lies the city of the Kings, the Peruvian capital of Lima, and going

Spring Fashion Week

We've been preparing for weeks past for the exposition of Spring Fashions, which begins Tuesday.

We believe the display will be a source of pleasure and inspiration to thousands of women who have learned to rely upon this store's authentic information and first display of the new things.

Each section of the store should be visited in turn to get the full effect of fashion's phases, as each section is related in a way to the other.

New things are coming in daily, and you are cordially invited to visit us, not only during the three opening days this week, but every day, and to acquaint yourself with the new and beautiful things that will dominate the Spring and Summer of 1914.

Tuesday Will Be Spring Opening Day in Our Millinery Salons

Hats from Paris and Millinery in our own designs, authentic in every line and grace of fashion.

Women should be gratified with Mosby Millinery, for Fashion has provided generously in such shapes and styles that every woman in Richmond may be attired becomingly.

No formal announcements have been sent out. Everybody is invited.

J.B. Mosby & Co.

MOSBY STORE NEWS for Monday, March 16, 1914.

Women's New Spring Suits, \$24.75, \$29.75, \$35.00, \$39.50, \$45.00

A new Spring Suit this season means a changed style, new materials and old colors with new tones.

We have dozens and dozens of fancy models at the above named prices.

Everything that skill could devise in the way of handsome trimmings will be found on these Suits in laces and fancy silks.

All made on the favored loose lines, with jackets in all the new short lengths; ruffled and draped skirts—some with the tunic in its smartest form.

Serges, Gabardines, Fancy Suitings, Novelty Crepe effects, Shepherd's Checks, Brocades, Duvelynes, etc., in black, tan, tango, Copenhagen, Labrador blue, navy, wistaria, chartrouse—every shade that fashion has decreed for spring.

New Cotton Wash Goods

Very Pretty and Many of them Very Much Underprice

People from whom we bought largely at regular prices for our Spring Opening Display of Cotton Wash Goods were glad to favor us with a few specials they had on hand.

Which explains why we are offering new and desirable Wash Goods so much under price at the beginning of spring.

12½c Printed Crepes, 7½c yd

Very pretty wash goods in white grounds with small, neat floral patterns and stripes. All the latest printings are shown in every wanted color.

15c Ripplette Cloth, 12½c yd

A rough, dry fabric for women's and children's dresses, skirts and waists and boys' suits.

28 inches wide, in pink, lavender, light blue, dark blue, tan and gray stripes; all fast colors.

15c and 17c White Crepe Nainsook, 12½c yd

Another rough, dry fabric that doesn't require ironing. Light weight, 27 inches wide, strong and durable, for nightgowns, underwear, waists and dresses.

Fine French Crepes, \$1.25 yd

White grounds with small, neat, embroidered figures in every wanted color, for waists and dresses.

35c, 39c and 50c White Crepes, 25c yd

Odd pieces we secured at a special price. 32 and 36 inches wide, with nub stripes in several widths. One of the best values of the season.

White Crepe with Colored Embroidered Dots, 25c yd

27 inches wide, white grounds with beautifully embroidered dots, in pink, light blue, lavender, green and black. Nice for waists and dresses.

New Plaid Crepes, 25c yd

If you want the newest thing for middy blouse shirts or women's waists and dresses, you'll find it in these plaid crepes. 27 inches wide; all colorings and all fast.

Fine White Crepes, 50c yd

Some with nub stripes; others with colored silk stripes. All the new shades for waists and dresses; 28 inches wide.

New Lace Curtains

At Special Prices

We know its an unusual thing to sell NEW Curtains at less than their real value so early in the season.

But our curtain buyer was fortunate enough last week to secure a few specials in the New York market.

And our good fortune is always YOUR good fortune.

\$3.00 Cluny Curtains, \$2.25 pr.—White and Arabian; wide insertion; 2½ yards long.

\$2.50 Marquessette Curtains, \$1.75 pr.—Marquessette Curtains with a linen edge; cream only; 2½ yards long.

\$6.50 Marie Antoinette Curtains, \$1.50 pr.—Made on fine French net; 2½ yards long; white and Arabian.

\$7.50 Renaissance Curtains, \$5.00 pr.—Made on fine quality French net; Arabian only; 2½ yards long.

Serim Curtains, 2½ yards long, white and Arabian, \$1.25 pr.

New Cretonnes, imported and domestic, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c yd.

25c China Matting, 20c yd.—A heavy quality Matting, in all colors, and the low price of 20c includes laying.

Dress Goods

That Will Be Used for Spring

Thoroughly Good Imported and American Weaves.

New, fashionable and very moderately priced.

All Wool Crinkled Crepe, 89c and \$1.25 yd

40 inches wide, in black, navy, Copenhagen, cream, terra cotta, reseda, tobacco and slate.

Silk and Wool Crepe, \$1.12½ yd

40 inches wide, in coral, chartrouse, chocolate, navy, black and Copenhagen.

SPECIAL! \$1.00 Serge, 79c yd.—49 inches wide, in navy, black, light brown, plum and terra cotta.

All Wool French Serge, 50c yd

A remarkably low price for a remarkably good fabric. 36 inches wide, in black, navy, reseda, plum and Copenhagen.

\$1.50 All Wool Ottoman, \$1.19

Another special we secured a short time ago. 50 inches wide, in navy, black, gray, brown and tango.

Shepherds Checks

A Splendidly Complete Assortment

38 inches wide, 50c and 85c yd.

48 inches wide, in black and white and navy and white checks—manufactured in France—\$1.00 yd.

58 inches wide, in black and white, brown and white and navy and white checks, \$1.00 yd.

54 inches wide, in black and white checks, with an overplaid in red, royal blue and myrtle green, \$1.50 yd.

54 inches wide, in plain and novelty effects of black and white, \$1.50 to \$2.50 yd.

Silk and Wool Poplin, \$1.50 yd.—A very beautiful fabric; shown in four shades of gray, tango, aubergine, gobelin, Copenhagen, reseda, purple, wistaria and brown.

NEW RIBBONS

An Unsurpassed Assortment of Styles

Roman Stripe Ribbons, 39c to \$3.50 yd.

Gold Embroidered Ribbons, \$3.50 to \$7.50 yd.

6-inch Novelty and Pompadour Ribbons, 25c yd.

6-inch Extra Heavy Moire Taffeta Ribbons, in white, black, light blue, pink, maize, purple and brown, 25c yd.

SPECIAL! Plain Taffeta, Moire Taffeta, and Warp Printed Taffeta Ribbons, 5 inches wide, 10c yd.; worth 25c.

6-inch Satin Edge Moire Ribbons, 39c and 50c yd.

6 and 7-inch Plain Satin Edge Moire Ribbons, 50c yd.

8-inch Ombre Moire Ribbon, \$1.50 yd.

land is used. The stones are picked off and the walls are built round little patches of soil not as large as the hotel dining table.

The valley of the Rimac is quite wide near the ocean, and there you see cattle and sheep. There are some large fields with mud walls about them, and also haciendas with comfortable buildings.

As we go further into the mountains the fields grow smaller and smaller. All the farming is by irrigation, and that in terraces where the strips of cultivation are often only a few feet in width. Nevertheless, these little farms run far up the mountains. I am told that a workman fell out of a field yesterday and rolled down fifty feet. Above these terraces are the marks of other terraces which were once used by the Incas. They tilled a hundred acres where modern Peruvians till one.

All the way from the ocean to the tops of the Andes we passed towns and villages. At the sea is the port of Callao, one of the finest harbors on the west coast. Seven miles further inland lies the city of the Kings, the Peruvian capital of Lima, and going

on up the valley, at an altitude of 3,000 feet, you stop at Chosica, a summer resort, where a score of big Cholo women, clad in short skirts and shawls and white Panama hats, stand on the station platform, selling oranges, tomatoes, peaches, watermelons and strawberries. I there bought six oranges at three cents apiece, and an alligator pear that weighed a pound for a nickel. Higher still we came to the towns of the Indians. Here the houses were all of one story, the most of them being rude stone huts thatched with straw. The people do not build in the fields, for the land is too valuable there. They huddle together on the edges of the valley or on the rocky places close to the river. They go out to work on the terraces and patches of soil, and you now and then see them driving their llamas loaded with burdens over the trails. Here they are herding sheep, standing up and spinning wool as they do so, and there bending over digging the soil. They are short and copper colored, and they look worked to death.

We stopped at Matucana for dinner, being served with plates of soup containing chunks of meat as big as your fist, and a half dozen vegetables all stewed together. We had also beefsteak and eggs, and red strawberries fresh from the vines.

Here and there along the trip we passed mining towns, and we stopped at Casapalca, where the great smelter of Backus & Johnson sends volumes of sulphur into the air. Much of the ore is brought in by llamas, and we saw hundreds of these little camel-like beasts trotting along with their loads of silver and copper. Casapalca is 13,500 feet high, and the climb from there to Tielio is more than 2,000 feet. Just below Tielio is the Galera Tunnel, that goes through Mount Melgus to the other slope of the mountains. At that point you can see the streams flowing both ways, and can stand on one place and throw chips into waters that flow to both oceans. I knew of this, and had prepared two small bottles with messages in them. They were tightly corked. I put one in each stream and set them adrift. One of these bottles floated away down the eastern side of the Andes.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter.)